

MEDITATIONS UPON THE LOVE of CHRIST, IN THE REDEMPTION,

ELECT-SINNERS.

Written, by the truly *Worthy, Learned, and Eminent* Religious,
Mr. *Hugh Clark*, sometime before his Death; Which was on
the 15th, Day of Feb. 1724, and of his Age the 36 Year.

Now Published at the Desire of his near and dear
Relations and Christian Friends, and that by
way of Elegy.

Heb. xi. 4. *And by it he being Dead, yet Speaketh.* Rev. xiv. 13. *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their Labours; and their Works do follow them.*



And

Printed in the Year, M. DCC. XXVII.

HUMBLE ESSAY,

UPON THE

LOVE of CHRIST

IN

Redeming Elect Sinners.

CROST in a meaner Theam, I mind to prove
 What Sweeter Charms are in *Seraphick Love*:
 And to employ my Heart and Hand to Sing
 And write the Love of my dear Lord and King,
 Who came from Heav'n to Earth to seek and save
 So wretch'd, so worthless and so vile a Slave.

Luke 19. 10.

O may his sacred Spirit guide my Hand,
 Enlarge my Heart, his Love to understand;
 Raise my dull Fancy, and my Soul inflame,
 And cause that what I write, I love the same:
 Before all Time, while yet Heav'n's glorious Ball
 Did not enclose this Glob Terrestrial;

Acts 15. 18.

Ere Man was form'd, the Lord's All-peircing Eye,
 Who views all Things from all Eternity,
 Perceiv'd how Man by Sin would foully fall,
 And unto Death subject his Children all.
 He saw wretch'd self destroying Mankind ly
 Plung'd in the deep Abyss of Misery,
 Like to an Infant helpless and forlorn,

Ezek. 16. 4. 5.

Cast out in open Field when newly Born,
 Whom no Eye pity'd wallowing in Blood;
 Just ready to be swallow'd by the Flood,
 Of dreadful Vengeance and devouring Wrath,
 And overwhelmed in Eternal Death.

Ezek. 18. 20.

Thus Mankind lay with Neck upon the Block:
 Justice about to give the fatal Stroak.
 The Law demands that guilty Rebels die:
 Nought but the Sinners Death can satisfie
 Offended Justice, now to give the Blow,

And

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46. 11. 3. 54.

And send the Sinner to the Pit below.

All Hope seems lost, till boundless Love and Grace

Steps in, in Favours of the guilty Race:

Electing Love not ty'd unto the Laws

Of Creatures Acting, Love whose only Cause

Matth. 11. 25.

Lay in Jehovah's Sovereign Will and Grace;

Eph. 1. 5.

Not in the Merit of the Elect Race.

Rom. 9. 15, 16.

Well then shall guilty Souls from Death be freed?

But how shall Justice then be satisfied?

How shall the Lord his Righteousness declare,

If Rebels from just Vengeance saved are?

What can Atone for those who wilfully

Have trampled on their Lord's Authority?

Psal. 50. 9, 13.

Can Hecatombs of Bulls, Thousands of Rams?

51. 16.

Can blood of fatted Calves, or tender Lambs?

Micah 6. 6, 7.

No. Man hath Sin'd, and therefore Man must Die:

Ezek. 18. 20.

No less can Truth and Justice satisfy.

Rom. 6. 23.

Then Mankind's Hopes are lost for ay: But lo!

Christ's matchless Love and Grace prevents the Blow:

Stays the avenging Sword in Justice Hand,

Says to the Law, I'll answer thy Demand.

Bespeaks the Father, Since it must be so,

That nothing but the Sinners Death can do

To clear thy Truth and Justice, lo I come

Psal. 40. 7.

A Sacrifice in the poor Sinners Room.

Deliver these in Chains of Justice bound;

I have for my Elect a Ransom found.

Ple be their Surety: I will part with Breath,

Job 33. 24.

To Ransom them from thy avenging Wrath.

My God, I take Delight to do thy will,

Psal. 40. 8.

And all thy holy Precepts to fulfill.

Since thy just Will requires that Rebels die,

Ple bear their Sins; lay all their Crimes on me.

Lo all the Blood within those sacred Veins

Shall not be grudg'd to wash their Guilty stains.

Since thou a Body hast for me prepar'd,

Heb. 10. 5.

No Toil, no Grief, no Labour shall be spar'd.

Tho' I be free; tho' it no Robbery be

To count my self an Equal unto Thee.

Yet for their sakes a Servant's Form I'll take,

Phil. 2. 6, 7.

That I may them free Men for ever make.

Tho' I be Rich, for them I Poor will be;

2 Cor. 8. 9.

John 1. 14. That they for ever may be Rich in Me.
 Isa. 7. 14. Though I be God, I will a Man become;
 2 Cor. 5. 21. Assuming Flesh in a Mean Virgin's Womb.
 Phil. 2. 6, 7. Tho' free from Sin, I'll Sin for them be made,
 Psa. 40. 8. That with God's Righteousness they may be clad.
 Rom. 8. 3, 4. Tho' I be Sovereign, I'll my self subject.
 Gal. 3. 13, 14. The Law shall be a Rule me to direct;
 Mark 1. 11. Tho' I'm Lord Paramount in Servant's Form,
 Matth. 27. 46. Ple in their stead thy holy Law perform,
 John 14. 6. And tho' I it fulfill most perfectly,
 Gal. 3. 13, 14. Ple also bear its Curse and Penalty.
 Isa. 53. 7. Tho' I'm thy Well-belov'd, Ple bear thy Wrath;
 John 19. 9. Tho' I'm the Life it self, Ple die the Death.
 Gal. 3. 14. Tho' I be guiltless, guilty Ple become:
 Mark 1. 11. Tho' I might Answer, Ple stand mute and Dumb.
 Matth. 27. 46. Tho' Judge of all, by Men Ple Judged be:
 John 19. 9. Tho' Blessed, Ple Hang on the cursed Tree.
 Gal. 3. 14. Tho' I'm Eternal, Time shall see my Birth;
 John 1. 1. comp. Tho' I fill Heav'n, Ple be interr'd in Earth.
 with v. 14. Tho' these be poor and wretch'd and beggerlie,
 Eph. 1. 23. I'm not asham'd their Kinsman near to be.
 Matth. 12. 40. Ple be their Father, they shall be my Sons;
 Heb. 2. 14. Tho' Heirs of Hell, Ple make 'em Denizens
 Eph. 2. 3. Of the Celestial Jerusalem.
 Heb. 12. 22. Tho' they be slaved I will Ransom them.
 Gal. 3. 13. Tho' under Sin and Satan they be thral'd;
 Heb. 2. 11. I'm not asham'd their Brother to be call'd.
 Hos. 2. 9. Ple be their Husband, they shall be my Spouse;
 John 15. 16. I've chosen them, Ple make them me to chuse.
 Ezek. 16. 14. If they want Beauty, I have Comeliness:
 Rev. 3. 18. If Cloathing: I have Robes of Righteousness.
 Zech. 13. 3. I have fine Gold for them, if they be poor:
 Job. 25. 7. If they're Polluted, I'm a Fountain pure.
 Heb. 1. 6. & 1. 3. Then Father dear, set those my Brethren free;
 Who hath a World of Creatures at Command,
 Upheld

Upheld and rul'd by his *Almighty* Hand? *Col. 1. 17.*
 Had Sinners Beauty, Wealth or Parentage, *Ezek. 16. 3, 4, 5.*
 This Heavenly Lover's Heart thus to engage?
 What had poor *Elect* Souls in them to prove
 Such an Attractive to their Maker's Love?
 That he their *King*, their *Husband* should become, *Isa. 54. 5.*
 And to his glorious Mansions take them home. *John 14. 2.*
 Sure Nothing. Why? The State that they were in
 Was that of desperate *Enmity* and *Sin*. *Rom. 8. 7.*
 Rebellious Hatred 'gainst his Majesty, *Col. 1. 21.*
 Had tainted all the lapsed Progeny. *Rom. 5. 10.*
 Satan's black Image had their Natures stain'd: (chain'd *Eph. 2. 1, 2, 3.*
 Their Hearts and Wills in Lusts strong Bonds were *Rom. 5. 8.*
 They had no Strength, nor Mind to plead for Peace, *Rom. 5. 6.*
 No will to sue for their Creator's Grace.
 No Hope of Pardon, no Delight in GOD, *Eph. 2. 12.*
 But eager bent upon Destruction's Road. *Rom. 7. 12.*
 Thus he beheld in Blood and Misery, *Ezek. 16. 3.*
 An *Elect* World, before they were, to ly:
 And yet (Amazing Thought! he lov'd them then;
 And his Delights were with the Sons of Men. *Prov. 8. 31.*
 What was the Cause, say, Saints, if you can tell,
 Why he should Love such guilty *Lumps* of Hell?
 We cannot tell: The Wonder's far above
 Our shallow Thoughts: But only God is Love. *1 John 4. 8.*
 Here is the *Depth*, the *Length*, the *Breadth*, the *Height*,
 Of matchless Love, display'd in Saving Might,
 Which *Angels* Tongues cannot enough Commend;
 Nor *Angels* Minds compleatly comprehend.
 Oh Saints, who share his Love, in him be glad,
 Who loved you, ere you a Being had.
 Why should you doubt his Love to you, because
 You cannot in your selves perceive the Cause?
 'Twas not your Worth or Goodness could deserve
 That he at first from Death should you preserve;
 Nor will your Worthlessness or Vileness make
 Your loving Lord your Souls again forsake.
 It was the Goodness of his Sovereign Will,
 Engag'd him first, and will engage him still.
 And since he lov'd you from Eternity,
 Believe he'll do the same Eternally,
 Lay by your Doubtings then, ye Saints, and raise

Melodious Songs of your Redemer's Praise.

But Oh! Why call I others to commend
His Love and Grace, while I my self do spend
My Time and Thoughts in trifling Vanities,
Which only can increase my Miseries?
Shall I call Saints to Love and Praise his Name,
And yet my self indulge a Meaner Flame?
O then, my Soul, admire Redeming Love!
Admire, what could thy great Creator move
Ever to look on such a Wretch as thee,
Much more, for saving thee, himself to Die!

Admire also the Father's Love who gave
His only Son an Elect World to save!
No sooner did the Son this Offer make,
To Die for Elect Men, and undertake
That Justice should by him be satisfy'd;
But straight the Father fully ratify'd
The blest Contract, and took him at his Word,
To lay the Elects Sins upon their Lord!
And thus he said. I have laid Help upon

- Psal. 89. 19, 20. A strong, a Mighty and a chosen One,
Isa. 42. 1. A faithful righteous Servant unto Me:
Psal. 89. 20. And have Anointed him my King to be.
I sworn have, and I will repent me never,
Psal. 110, 4, That he shall be to Me a Priest for ever,
After the Order of Melchizedeck;
1 Pet. 2, 6, He is my precious One, and mine Elect.
Isa. 42, 1, & 28. 16 My mighty Hand and Arm shall make him strong;
The Son of Mischief shall not do him wrong.
Psal. 89, 21, 22, 23, I will beat down before him all his Foes:
I will them greatly Flague who him oppose.
Isa. 55, 4, I've giv'n him for a Witness, Counsellor,
Heb. 2, 10, Commander, Leader, Captain, Governor,
Psal. 72, 12, Unto the People: he shall them defend,
Isa. 49, 6, And bring Salvation to Earth's utmost End.
Psal. 72, 2, 7, He shall the People Judge with Righteousness,
And bless the Nations with abundant Peace.
Isa. 53, 12, & v. And since he will pour out his Soul to Death;
II. And for his Elect bear deserved Wrath;
Phil. 2 9, 10, Therefore he shall exalted be on high
Above all Power and Principality.
Heb. 7, 25, Rais'd from the Dead, he shall for ever live,

And

And quicken all that do on him believe:
 My pleasant Work shall prosper in his Hand,
 He shall all Things in Heaven and Earth Command.
 He shall a num'rous Seed and Issue see;
 And to his Church an Head alone shall be:
 And as his Countenance was marred more,
 Than any Man's because of what he bore;
 So shall he shine with such resplendent Light,
 That Kings shall be astonish'd at the Sight.
 Yea mighty Kings before him down shall fall:
 And Monarchs great do Service to him shall.

Thus was the blessed Covenant of Peace
 Between them both; Thus everlasting Grace
 Shin'd in the Counsels of the Trinity,
 For Elect Souls from all Eternity,
 Where Truth and Mercy, Righteousness and Grace,
 Like loving Twains did mutually embrace,
 Where Divine Love and Divine Wisdom shin'd,
 As Beams of Light are in the Sun combin'd.

O that mine Eyes enlightn'd were, to see
 The Sacred Wonders of this Mystery!
 How that the Glorious Father and the Son,
 Tho' Both in Essence most intirely One,
 Could yet as distinct Parties strangely Act
 As Covenanters in this blest Contract!

Or if that this be a too bold Desire,
 That I to see such Wonders should aspire;
 Or know the Manner how the Deity
 Transacts in this ador'd OEconomy:
 I'll rather softly slide along the Coast,
 Than Launch into the Ocean and be lost
 In this vast Abyss: I'll contract my Sails,
 And humbly wait the Spirit's gentler Gales.
 To take a steady View I'll be content
 Of the Decree in its Accomplishment.

No sooner had th' Envious One Deceiv'd
 Our Parents First, and all Mankind berav'd
 Of perfect concreated Innocence,
 And sunk the World in Death by One's Offence;
 But presently poor sinful Man forsook
 All Hopes of Grace; and straight himself betook
 To wretched Shifts, to shroud his guilty Head

John 5, 21, 25,
 Isa. 53, 10,
 Col. 1, 16,
 Isa. 53, 10,
 Col. 1, 18,
 Isa. 52, 14, 15,

Psalms 77, 11,

Zech. 6, 13,

Psalms 85, 10,

Psalms 119, 18,

John 10, 30,

Psalms 40,
 Deut. 29, 29,
 Romans 11, 33,

Romans 11, 33,

Gen. 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,

Romans 5, 12, 15,
 17, 18,

Genesis 3, 7, 8,

From

Genesis 3. 15.

Genesis 1, 26,

Romans 10 9.

From Wrath amidst the Thickets of the Wood:
 And with Fig-leaves to veil his Nakedness,
 Instead of Garments of pure Righteousness.
 But all in vain: nor Leaves, nor Thickets can
 From Divine Vengeance hide the Guilty Man,
 Till Jesus come, that blessed Prince of Peace,
 Proclaiming Pardon and Heav'n's Act of Grace,
 To guilty Rebels, thro' the WOMAN'S SEED,
 Who was in Time to bruise the Serpent's Head.
 And thus he said. Thou proud envious Fiend,
 Who with thy Legions hast 'gainst Heav'n combin'd,
 'Twas thy intent the Woman to employ,
 Thro' thy Deceit, all Mankind to Destroy,
 And thy Creator's Image to Deface,
 Which he had stamped on the Humane Race;
 And wholly ruin my best Work on Earth;
 But all in Vain: for of a Woman's Birth,
 Shall spring a Blessed and Victorious Seed,
 Who shall in pieces break thy cursed Head;
 Whil'st thou, with all the Might and slight of Hell,
 Shall Serpent like, but nibble at his Heel.
 'Twixt Thee and Woman I'll put Enmity;
 And 'twixt thy Seed and hers Eternally.
 Thus was the first Evangel Published,
 And Christ by Christ himself was Promised.

Here's wondrous Love and Grace beyond Degree,
 To Mankind plung'd in Sin and Misery!
 That Christ himself th'offended Judge should come,
 Not as a Judge the Guilty Pair to Doom,
 For their Rebellious Breach of Covenant;
 But of Eternal Life to make a Grant,
 On better Terms, and in a surer Way,
 Wherein he would his Grace and Love display
 In a more bright and shining Character;
 Where Christ himself should be sole Purchaser.
 Of Grace and Glory, nought requir'd of them;
 But rightly to believe upon his Name.

What can we judge, poor guilty Adam thought,
 When his Creator such a Message brought?
 Who look'd for Nothing but devouring Wrath,
 And the Inflicting of deserved Death.
 How was he filled with Astonishment!

How

How was his Soul rapt up in Ravishment!
 To see the Beamings of Eternal Grace
 Shine forth to him and his poor Guilty Race.
 How did the News melt down his Heart in Tears,
 Comfort his Soul, dispel o'whelming Fears!
 Cause all the Shades of Sorrow flee away,
 And turn his dismal Night to shining Day!

This was the Dawning of sweet Gospel-Light
 Which in all Ages still became more bright,
 Till Christ, that glorious Sun of Righteousness,
 In Beauties of transcendent Holiness,
 The bright irradiant Morning-Star arose,
 To Save his chosen Folk and quell their Foes.
 Without Descent or Genealogie:
 And yet *Abram's* and *David's* Progenie.
 Without a Father: yet *God's* only Son,
 By an Eternal Generation.
 Without a Mother: Yet a Virgin's Seed,
 Which from the Root of *Jesse* did proceed.
 Without Beginning: yet in Time conceiv'd.
 Of endless Life: and yet of Life berav'd.
 Ancient of Days; and yet a little Child.
Judah's strong Lion: yet a Lamb most mild.
 The Son of *God*, and yet the Son of Man.
 Wrapt up in Swadling Cloaths, who Heav'n doth span
 Laid in a sordid Manger at his Birth,
 Who cannot be contain'd in Heav'n and Earth.
 Had scarce wherewith to Vail his Nakedness,
 Who doth of Right both Heaven and Earth possess.
 The *Brightness of his Father's Glory* Vail'd,
 And Divine Pow'r in Human Flesh conceal'd.

O matchless Love unfathom'd Mystery,
 That the Great Sovereign thus should humbled be!
 Who can conceive, who can comment upon
 The Wonders of this Incarnation?
 O thou, my Soul in humble Silence then
 Learn to Believe what thou canst not Explain.
 And let this wondrous Union Personal
 Draw thee to him for Union Mystical.
 And tho' the Lord thy Nature did Assume;
 Yet of Salvation do not thou presume,
 Unless by Faith united to thy Lord,

B

Mal. 4. 2.
Psal. 110. 3.
Rev. 22. 16.
Heb. 7. 3.
Matth. 1. 1.
Heb. 7. 3.
John 1. 14.
Heb. 7. 3.
Isai. 7. 14. & 11. 1.
Heb. 7. 3. *Mat.* 1.
13. Mat. 27. 35.
Dan. 7. 22.
Matth. 2. 22.
Rev. 5. 5. & 7. 17.
John 3. 18. with
 & 51.
Luke 2. 7.
Isa. 40. 12.
Luke 2. 7.
1 Kings 8. 26.
Genesis 14. 19.
Heb. 1. 3.

Which

Which only can thee *Grace* and *Peace* afford.

'Tis true Man's Nature was exalted high

By this stupendious Condescendency:

But this cannot procure thy lasting Bless,

If thou do not share of his Holiness.

Thou hast no part in Him, except he make

Thee of the *Divine Nature* to partake.

Unless thy cursed Nature he renew,

And draw his Image on thy Heart anew.

2 Pet. 1. 4.

O could I come to him, could I improve

This wondrous Step of condescending Love,

Heb. 2. 14.

Wherein he took on him our *Flesh* and *Blood*,

And by true Faith receive spiritual Food,

From him my high exalted Lord and Head,

John 6. 55.

Whose *Flesh* is *Meat*, whose *Blood* is *Drink* indeed!

Could I improve his Birth and Incarnation

For my new Birth and true Regeneration!

Matth. 2. 1. 10, 11.

O that by Faith I could obtain the Cast

Of those thrice blessed Wise-men of the East!

O for some happy Star to guide me to

Berblehem's Gates, and there to take a View,

Of Lovely *Jesus* in his humble Birth,

And see the Monarch of both Heav'n and Earth,

To see the blessed Divine Infant ly,

Luke 2. 7.

Not in a stately Palace, but a *Stie*.

No Cloath of Gold his Cradle doth adorn:

Coarse swadling Cloaths inwrap the newly Born.

No Couch with Studds of Pearl or Silver clad;

But a vile Manger holds his glorious Head.

The Royal Virgin can't for him obtain,

In his own City, Room in any Inn.

But yet he wants not charming Melody

To celebrate his Birth-Solemnity.

The watchful Shepherds are surpriz'd with Fear,

While they behold the bright Angelick Quire,

Luke 2. 8, 9, 10.

Who warble forth the Tidings of his Birth,

11, 12, 13, 14.

Glory on high, Good Will and Peace on Earth.

The Angel straight the Shepherds doth comfort,

And thus bespeaks them in most loving sort.

Dear Shepherds, let not Fear your Hearts annoy:

I bring you Tidings of transcendent Joy,

Which shall great Mirth to People all afford;

(11)
A Saviour's born to you, ev'n Christ the Lord,
In David's City. Come and see your King,
Who shall to Nations all Salvation bring.
Be not afraid to come because He's by:
You'll see him humbly in a Manger ly.

Thus, trembling Saint, thy Saviour speaks to thee.
Fear not, poor doubting Soul, to come to Me. *Mat. 11. 28, 29.*
I'm meek and lowly: cast thy Fears away
And sinful Doubts: Lo here's a patent Way.
Come through the Vail of thy dear Saviour's Flesh,
And make thy Peace with thy great God afresh.
If my dread Highness doth make thee afraid;
Look how I'm with Humility array'd.
Altho' I be the high and lofty One, *Isa. 57. 15. & 66. 1.*
Who in the highest Heaven's have my Throne,
Yet for thy sake, in this strait sinking Stie,
And in this Crib I condescend to ly.
Since thou behold'st me born in such a Cell,
Think'st thou, I'll in thy Heart refuse to dwell?

Thus Christ was Born: thus he at first began
His humbled Life, to save self-ruin'd Man;
Which all along was fraught with Miseries, *Ija. 53. 3.*
Griefs, Sorrows, Labours and Calamities.
Tho' free of Sin and Guilt Original,
As to his own Condition Personal;
Yet, for his Elect's Guilt; when eight Days old,
Among the Rank of Sinners he's inroll'd. *Luke 2. 21.*
Is Circumcis'd, made Debtor to perform
The Law, and thereto fully to conform
Here the Law-Giver is made under Law;
The Sov'raign Judge of Judgment stands in awe. *Gal. 5. 3.*
The Law must be fulfilled perfectly: *Gal. 4. 4.*
The Elect cannot thro' Infirmary;
Therefore their Lord by his Obedience
Must do what Man shou'd done in Innocence. *Romans 8. 3.*
The Law pronounceth Wrath and Indignation,
Perplexing Anguish, endless Tribulation.
On every Soul that Sins, and therefore he,
The Elect's Surety, bears the Penalty.
The Law knows no Abatement; Justice stands
Strictly to every Point of her Demands;
No less will please, but perfect Innocence;

Or then a *Ransom* equal to th' Offence.
This *Jesus* paid, and thus Redeems his own
From that deserved Indignation.

Heb. 2. 15.

Heb. 12. 29.

Isaiab 33. 14.

Isaiab 4. 6.

Oh then, poor *Elect* Souls, who stand in Awe
To look upon that dreadful fiery Law,
All you whose Souls Mount *Sinai's* Thunders make
For Fear of Death and endless Wrath to quake,
Who tremble lest his hot incensed Ire
Break out upon you, like devouring Fire,
And lest he turn you to the lowest Hell,
With everlasting Burnings there to dwell.

Isaiab 4. 5.

Lo! here's Relief for you: lo here's a shade
From scorching Wrath: a Vail by *Jesus* made
To cover your poor guilty Souls from Wrath;
Come hither fainting Souls, and take your Breath
Under the Covert of his saving Wings,
Who to your Souls sweet Peace and Pardon brings.
All you, who under *Sinai's* *Flashes* stand,
You who are tossed in a weary Land;

Lo, here's the shadow of a mighty Rock;
Lo, here's a Covert from the dreadful stroke
Of *Justice-Sword*; lo here's a Cloud by Day,
And Light by Night, to guide you in the Way.
Are you afraid to meet a wrathful Judge?

Lo, here's for you a City of Refuge.

Can you not Work because of Impotence?

Lay hold on his compleat Obedience.

Have you rebelled, and must therefore Die?

Lo, he hath born for you the *Penaltie*.

Job 22. 21.

Romans 6. 14.

Romans 7. 2, 3, 4.

Romans 6. 14.

2 Cor. 5. 14.

Accquaint your selves with him, and be at Peace;

You are not under Law; but under Grace.

The Law, your former Husband, now is Dead,
And *Christ's* become your Husband and your Head.

But yet you must not hence to Sin give Place,
Because you are not under Law, but Grace.

There's still a Law and Yoke your Necks above:

Tho' not the Law of Works: the Law of Love.

The Love of *Christ* like to a Golden Chain,

Still to Obedience must your Souls constrain.

Not slavish Fear must you to Duty move;

Your Motives now are *Gratitude* and Love.

If you are weak, strength from your Saviour draw,
Whereby,

Whereby sincerely to observe his Law,
 With him remains the Spirit's Residue,
 Your Souls to quicken, and your Lusts subdue.
 With him is likewise Merite, to supply
 Your services in their Deficiency.
 With him is Incense to perfume your Pray'rs,
 And skill to guide you in your Soul-Affairs.

Matth, 2, 25.

Rev, 8, 3.

O mind the Lovely Name which he obtain'd
 When circumcis'd; as th' Angel had ordain'd
 He's called **JESUS**, for he saves his own,
 First from their Sins, then from Destruction.
 This is the true spiritual *Josua*,
 Who when a *Moses* cannot by the Law,
 Bring *Abram's* seed into the promis'd Land,
 Conducts them in by his Almighty Hand,
 Out of the howling Wilderness of Sin,
 Which they for many Years have wandred in;
 Divides their *Jordan*, brings them to the blest
 Possession of their wish'd *Canaan* of Rest.
 'Tis he, who cloath'd with filthy Robes doth stand,
 Even th' Elects Guilt; and clos by his Right Hand,
 Stands *Satan*, ready to resist him in
 The blessed Work of expiating Sin;
 But maugre all his Malice and his Pow'r,
 The blessed *Jesus* still proves Conqueror;
 Blots out his Folk's Transgression in one Day,
 And hath his filthy Garments ta'ne away;
 Is dress'd with Robes of purest Righteousness,
 And golden Crowns the Motto **HOLINESS**.
 'Tis he that is a Priest upon his Throne;
 Who brings his Captives out of *Babylon*:
 The Prophet whom we must in all things hear.
 Who th' Glory of his Fathers House doth bear.
 Who by the Holy Ghost anointed is
 Unto his three great sacred Offices.
 He's no Usurper: him the Father call'd
 To his high Function, sanctifi'd and seal'd.
 A **PROPHET** like to *Moses*, mild and meek;
 A **PRIEST** of th' Order of *Melchizedeck*;
 A **KING** to rule on *Zion's* holy Hill.
 All which he doth most perfectly fulfill.

Luke 1, 31, and

E 2, 21,

Matth, 1, 21,

Deut, 31, 23, with
32, 52,

Zech, 3, 3, with

3, 1,

Zech, 3, 9, with

3, 4, 5,

Zech, 6, 11,

Exod, 39, 30,

Zech, 6, 13,

Deut, 18, 15,

Zech, 6, 13,

Psalm 45 8,

Heb, 4, 5,

John 6, 27,

Acts 7, 37,

Psalm 110, 4,

Psalm 2, 6,

Lo, here's a Treasure! Come poor needy Saints,

Here

- Here is a Store-house to supply your wants.
 Do you want Wisdom? *Wisdom's Treasures hid*
Ly all in him; you shall be furnished.
 Are you afraid thro' Ignorance to stray?
 He is a Light to guide you in the Way.
 He is a faithful *Prophet* to reveal
 Th' Eternal Secrets of his *Father's Will*.
 And well he can, who from Eternity
 Did in the blessed *Father's Bosom ly*.
 'Tis he alone who saw, and can declare
 What his great *Father's Thoughts* and *Counsels* are,
 Those Purposes of Love, ere Time began
 For saving of poor self-destroying Man.
 Who by his Word and Spirit, since the Fall,
 Reveals them to his *Church* in *Ages* all.
 Who Preach'd at first himself; and after sent
 The *Prophets* to declare his *Covenant*.
 He was the *Angel*, who to *Mamre* came,
 And promised a Seed to *Abraham*,
 Which should bring Blessedness to *Nations* all;
 'Twas he who wrestled with great *Israel*,
 'Twas he who spoke with *Moses* in the *Bush*,
 And gave him *lively Oracles* for us.
 'Tis he who calls each faithful *Minister*,
 Who Gifts and Graces doth on them confer:
 Do you want Pardon? Come to *Jesus Christ*,
 T'obtain Attonement; He's the glorious *Priest*,
 He is the precious spotless Sacrifice,
 Which Divine Justice fully satisfies,
 He is a *Tabernacle* from the Heat.
 He is the cov'ring *Ark*, and *Mercy-seat*.
 He is the *Altar* which doth Sanctify,
 The Gifts of all that on him do rely.
 He is the skilful *Advocat* that pleads
 His Peoples Cause, and for them *interceeds*.
 Poor Souls, who can't approach the *Throne* of *Grace*,
 But shame and Blushing quickly fills your Face,
 Thro' fence of Guilt, which like a Weight of *Lead*,
 Doth press your Souls with deep amazing Dread,
 Who towards Heav'n dare not lift up your Eyes,
 By Reason of your great Iniquities.
 Who look for Nought but Divine Indignation;

Improve

Improve his *Priesthood* and *Propitiation*;
Believe on him for *Justifying Grace*;
His *Sacrifice* procures you lasting *Peace*.

Want you *Redemption*? Want you *Liberty*
From *Sin's Dominion*, *Satan's Tyranny*?
Find you strong *Holds of Lust* prevail in you?
He is a mighty *Prince*, who can subdue
Rebellious Lusts: He is a puissant *King*,
Who doth his own from *Satan's Bondage* bring;
Gives them *Enlargement* and sweet *Liberty*:
Doth over them his *Golden Scepter* sway:
Sin's Iron Yoke doth off their *Necks* remove,
And sweetly rules them by the *Law of Love*.
Defends them by his mighty *Hand and Arm*,
From every one that would them hurt or harm;
Restrains and conquers all their *Enemies*,
And fully frees them from their *Miseries*.

Bequeath's them *Crowns* and causeth them to reign *Rev. 22. 5*.
And sit on *Thrones* with him their *Lord and King*.

Come then all you whose wretched *Necks* are gall'd
With the *Iron Yoke* of *Sin*, whose *Souls* are thrall'd
Under the *Hellish Tyrant's Servitude*;
Lo, here's a *King* for you both mild and good.
Come, change your *Master*; change your *Work* and
Let *Jesus* in your *Souls* a *Scepter* sway (Way:

Take on his *Yoke*, and in his *Law* delight,
His Yoke is easie and his *Burden light*.

His *Yoke's* a *Golden Chain*, and *Ornament*,
Then yield your *Hearts* to his sweet *Government*,
If you'll accept him as your *Lord and King*
You shall as *Kings* with him for ever *Reign*.

As in the *Divine Essence* there are three,
And yet one undivided *Trinity*;
Even so in *Christ* there are three *Offices*,
Yet he in these one *Mediator* is.
If you would him for your *Redeemer* have,
You must him in them all alike receive.
Take him for *Wisdom*, and for *Righteousness*,
For full *Redemption*, and for *Holiness*:
Thus he is made of *God*, and offered;
The *Gospel Terms* will none of those divide.
Take him in all; 'tis foolish to expect

2 Cor. 10. 5:

John 8, 36.

Matth. 11. 30.
Prov. 1. 9.

1 Tim. 2. 5.

1 Cor. 1. 30.

That

That he will be your *Prophet* to direct,
Or yet a *Priest* to satisfy for you,
Unless as *King* he do your Lusts subdue:

But ah! why talk I thus, while I remain
In bondage still, while me my Lusts detain
In *Satan's Camp*? while I refuse the Yoke
Of lovely *Jesus*, and his Wrath provoke?
Shall I press others thus to be content
To bow their Necks to his sweet *Government*?
And yet my self be only like the *Hand*,
Which for a signal on the Street doth stand,
Directing Passengers to find their Way,
Yet void of Life it self behind doth stay.
O then, Dear Lord, cause thy *Redeeming Love*
To break my hard'ned Heart: O let it prove
A threefold Cord my perverse Will to draw,
To yield a sweet Obedience to thy Law.
Could I by Faith but view what he hath done
And born to purchase me Salvation!
Could I behold him in his humbled Life,

Isaiah 53. 3.

Matthew 2. 3.

A *Man of Sorrows* and acquaint with Grief!

So soon as Born, *King Herod* him pursues:

He calls the Scribes and Counsel of the *Jews*,

Demands the Place of *Christ's Nativity*:

They answer from the ancient Prophecie,

Bethlehem's Gates are honour'd forth to bring

The long-expected, high-exalted *King*.

Then he the Eastern *Sages* doth imploy

To go and search him out the Royal Boy;

That he would Worship him the *Fox* pretends

But to devour him in his Heart intends.

Before the Child can walk, he's forc'd by Night

In his poor Mother's Arms to take his Flight,

And from the *Dragon's Rage* to lurk a while,

As *Moses* once, upon the Banks of *Nile*.

Whil'st *Herod* mock'd sends forth his *Soldiers* rude,

And baths *Bethlehem's* Streets with Infant Blood.

Minding amongst them to destroy the *King*,

Which over *Zion* was design'd to Reign.

Lo, here's another wondrous Proof of Love:

The Divine Child to *Aegypt* must remove.

The *King of Kings* must leave his Native Soil,

And

Matthew 2. 14.

Exod. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Matthew 2, 16,

And in his tender Age endure the Toyl
Of Banishment into a foreign Land,
Who hath all Nations under his Command:
That by his Flight we might Redeemed be
From more than an *Aegyptian* Drudgery.

Two Years elapse, and *Herod* gets his Dome' *Matth. 2. 19.*

Yet *Jesus* cannot to *Judea* come:
He dares not in his Native City dwell,
Tho' he's the rightful King of *Israel*;
Whilest *Archelaus*, bloody *Herod's* Spawn,
Reacts the Tyrant in the Holy Land. *Matth. 2. 22.*

His Parents warn'd of God do turn aside,
And in the Parts of *Galilee* abide.
Where during private Life he Refuge hath
Within obscure despised *Nazareth*. *John. 1. 46.*

Thus watchfull *Providence* did order it,
To shew that he was the true *Nazarite*, *Matthew 2. 23.*

The Holy harmless separated One,
Who by his Death, like *Samson*, saves his own.
While the great *Dagon's* House he overthrows,
And in it's Ruins burys *Israel's* Foes. *Judges 16. 30.*

How were the People priviledg'd, who saw
Him sit amidst the *Doctors* of the Law! *Luke 2. 42, 43, 44,*
When Twelve Years old, with Wisdom most profound, *45, 46, 47, &c.*
He solv'd all their Doubts in Answers sound.

And also asked them such *Questions*,
As did confound the *Scribes* and learned Ones.

The People were astonish'd to behold
A very Child of but twice six Years old
Nonplus the ancient *Sages* and the *Scribes*,
The *Pharisees* and all their learned Tribes.

Be sure, it was no mean or trivial Theam,
Concerning which he reasoned with them,
The Subject was *Himself* the promis'd One,
And that long looked for Redemption.

The *Scribes* expected nothing else at all
Save Temp'ral Freedom from their outward Thral,
And narrow'd all the Ancient Prophecies
To favour their beloved carnal Ease.

They taught the People, that their Saviour
Should only be an Earthly Conqueror.

But when the People heard this Divine Boy

Matth. 21. 16.
Psalm 8. 2.

Matth. 3. 13.

Matth. 3. 14.

Matth. 3. 15.

Unfold the Secrets of Sublimer Joy,
And shew them that their *Shilo* was to save
Them from the Pow'r of *Satan* and the Grave,
From Sin and Wrath and endless Misery,
More than the Yoke of outward Tyranny;
And that the promis'd Freedom from their Thral
Was a Deliv'rance more Spiritual;
They were exceedingly amaz'd to hear
His Understanding and his Answers clear.
This was his Heav'nly Father's Business:
And he *concealed not his Righteousness*.
He, who but Twelve Years old outstripped all
The Learned Wits and Scribes of Israel,
Can out of *Babes and Sucklings Mouths* ordain
Such strength as may th' avenging Foe restrain.
If he'll but be my *Second*, I'll not fear
'Gainst Error's greatest Champions to appear.
He can enable ev'n the meanest Youth
'Gainst ancient Sages to maintain his Truth.
Let's follow him by Faith to *Jordan's Flood*,
And see him there amidst the Multitude,
Desiring Baptism from his *Harbinger*,
Who can himself alone that Grace confer
Which this external Seal doth represent,
Namely Ingrafting into Covenant.
The holy Baptist as amazed stands
And is surpriz'd at his great Lord's Demands.
And thus he speaks, *Ab! I have need to be*
Baptiz'd of thee, and comest thou to me?
I'm but the Servant; thou'rt my Sovereign Lord:
I wash with Water; thou dost Grace afford.
Why should the Holy Undeiled One,
That's wholly free from all Corruption,
Seek to be wash'd with Water? Why shou'd he
Who is the Fountain pure Baptized be?
The Lord reply'd, *Altho' thou dost not know*
The mystick Reason why it must be so,
Yet suffer it: obey thy Master's Will;
For thus we must all Righteousness fulfill.
Thus *Jesus*, tho' from Sin compleatly free,
Would be baptiz'd, that he might Sanctifie
The Seal to us: this Laver cannot save,

Till it from *Jesus* Vertue do receive.
 When *Christ* was dipt in *Jordan's* Silver Stream,
 His Elect Seed were all Baptiz'd in him.

Romans 6. 4.

When he emerg'd out of the *Chrystal* Waves,
 He from his *Father* Witness straight receives,
 The Holy Ghost, to show him *Christ* indeed,
 Doth visibly descend upon his Head,
 Like to a Silver-feather'd harmless *Dove*;
 And lo, a Voice is heard from *Heav'n* above,
 This is my well beloved *SON*, in whom
 And for whose *Sake* I fully pleas'd am.

Matth. 3. 16, 17.

Luke 3. 21. 22.

John 1. 32, 33.

Then hence, my Soul, ne're doubt a *Trinity*;
 Lo! here thou seest the undivided *Three*:
 The *SON's* Baptiz'd; the *FATHER* speaks above;
 The *HOLY GHOST* descendeth like a *Dove*.
 Thus *Jesus* was anointed from on hie,
 And called to his publick *Ministry*,
 When in his Manly Vigor and his Prime,
 And fittest for Employment so sublime.

Luke 3. 23.

When *God* is pleas'd to manifest his Love,
 A Time of Tryal is at Hand to prove
 And try their Faith; ev'n as observe you may.
 The blackest Clouds succeed the brightest Day.

So *Jesus*, after that his Father's Love
 Was manifested thus from *Heav'n* above,
 Was led into the *Desart*, that he might
 Long forty Days against the Dragon fight.
 Where he in Single Combat all alone,
 Encounter's *Beelzebub's* Tentation.

Luke 4. 1, 10 14.

When He had fasted forty Nights and Days,
 The Devil visibly appears and says,
 If so thou beest the Son of God indeed,
 Command these Stones, that they be turn'd to Bread.

But *Jesus* thus repells the Wicked One,
 'Tis written, Man lives not by Bread alone;

Deut. 8. 3.

God's Word of Pow'r the Life of Man sustains
 More than the Presence of the outward Means.

The Devil, tho' he tempt'd at first in vain,
 Yet rests not, but renews th' Assault again;
 And carrys *Christ* up to a Mountain hie,
 Whose Top doth threaten to surmount the Sky,
 And in a Moment shews him th' earthly Frame,

Deut. 6. 13.

With all the painted Glory of the same,
 And said, *This Glory all I'll give to thee,*
For all these Kingdoms do belong to me,
On this Condition, if thou wilt accord
To Worship me, and own me for thy Lord.
 Our blessed Lord with holy Indignation,
 Rejects the Fiend's most impudent Tentation;
 Get thee behind me, thou blasphemous One:
'Tis written thou shalt serve thy God alone.
 Tho' beat in this Assault, the restless Foe
 Resolveth not to leave the Combat so;
 But hurls him thro' the Air, and taketh him
 Unto the Temple of Jerusalem,
 And on a Pinnacle sets him on hie,
 And says, *If God's Beloved Son thou be,*
To prove the same, throw down thy self from hence,
And trust thy Father's Word and Providence
For it is written in his Word, that he
Will give his Angels Charge concerning thee,
To bear thee up, still waiting thee upon,
Left thou should'st dash thy Foot against a Stone.

Deut. 6. 16,

But Jesus said, *'Tis written thus again,*
Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God in vain.
 Thus Satan's foil'd at last, and can't prevail
 Against the mighty Prince of Israel.
 Then, tempted Soul, behold thy glorious Lord,
 Let his Tentation help to thee afford
 When thou art tempted: He o'rcame for thee,
 Thou shalt at length in him Victorious be.

Ephesians 6. 13.

Take his whole Armour, learn of him to wield
 The Spirit's Sword, and Faith's defensive Shield:
 By these thou shalt be able to repell

Ephesians 6. 11:

The stratagems and fiery Darts of Hell.

Thus Jesus entred on his Ministry

After a glorious Fight and Victory;

In the Discharge whereof he underwent

A Thousand Toils; himself he dayly spent

Matth. 4. 23, 24.

In travelling abroad from Place to Place,

Lake 4. 18.

In publishing the News of Grace and Peace.

Acts 10. 38.

In labouring always and doing Good;

Matth. 14, 19, 20.

Teaching and Feeding of the Multitude.

Mat. b, 8, 28.

Casting out Devils raising the Dead to Life;

Healing

Healing all *Sicknesses* and every Grief.
 He bore our *Sicknesses* and *Miseries*,
 The Contradictions of his Enemies,
 The Father's *Wrath* and *Curse*, the *Pains of Hell*,
 And was rejected by his *Israel*.
 He never rode, save once, but up and down
 He walked still a Foot from *Town* to *Town*,
 From *Hill* to *Mountain* and from *Sea* to *Sea*,
 Thro' all *Judea's* Coasts and *Galilee*.
 Thro' all *Samaria's* Borders far a near,
 Yea to the Coasts of *Zidon* and of *Tyre*.
 In Thirst and Hunger, Perils manifold,
 In Summer's sultry Heat, and Winter's chilling Cold.
 When he had taught and travell'd all the Day,
 At Night he had not where his head to lay.
 The vilest Beast hath Holes, the smallest Bird a Nest,
 But *Jesus* had no House wherein to rest.
 He was oblig'd to others ev'n for Bread,
 And for a Couch whereon to rest his Head.
 O matchless Love! should *Jesus* toil for me!
 Should he of Riches thus denuded be!
 Should he be Hungry, should he suffer need;
 Who doth all Men and other Creatures feed!
 Should he be thirsty, who's the living Spring,
 That sends refreshing Streams to every living thing!
 Should he be scorched with Heat, or chill'd with Cold!
 Should he be destitute of House and Hold!
 Who Summer's Heat and Winters Cold did make;
 Who Heaven and Earth doth for Possession take.
 And shall I grudge to toil for him again?
 If it may honour him, shall I disdain
 To walk on Foot, to run from Place to Place,
 If I to others may commend his Grace?
 What tho' I want a House wherein to dwell?
 So did the glorious *King of Israel*
 What tho' I'm forc'd to take a borrow'd Bed,
 Whereon I may repose my worthless Head?
 What tho' I am oblig'd to other Men.
 And thankful if they will me intertain?
 This thought should Quiet to my Heart afford;
 The Servant must not be above his Lord.
 Oh henceforth never let me make Complain:

Matth. 14. 14.

Matth. 8. 19.

Heb. 12. 3.

Gal. 3. 18.

John 1. 11.

Luke 19. 35.

Luke 8. 1.

John 4. 3.

Mark 7. 24.

Luke 8. 3. 3.

Matth. 10. 24.

For

Hebrews 12. 4.

For want of outward Things, let me not faint
Because of *Tryals* Strength or *Multitude*;
I have not yet *resisted unto Blood*.

Am I reproach'd? so was my *Lord* before.

Am I despis'd? He was contemned more.

O could I learn of him in ev'ry State

His holy spotless Life to imitate:

And where I cannot follow, to deplore

My Weakness, and his Holiness adore.

Of Grace's fulness all he was possess'd:

All shining Vertues center'd in his Breast.

The sweetest Meekness and Humility,

The greatest Kindness, Love and Clemency:

Matth. 12. 20.

So that the *bruised Reed* he never breaks;

Nor doth he ever quench the *smoking Flax*.

He bore affronts with wondrous Patience,

Altho' he could maintain'd his Innocence.

Psal. 22. 1. 8.

He acted Faith on God, and did rely

Matth. 27. 43.

On him without all Doubtings constantly.

Yea, when deserted, yet, he still abode

Matth. 27. 46.

By Faith unshaken resting on his God.

His fervent *Love* to God, and flaming *Zeal*

Both for his Father's Name, and Church's Weal

Were eminent and find no Parallel.

1 Cor. 11. 23.

That very Night in which he was betray'd,

He would not leave his People without Aid.

But did appoint the blessed *Sacrament*

Of his last Supper for to represent

verse 26.

His Death to them, and in his Church remain

As a *Love-Token* till he come again.

John 14. 31.

He straight from Supper to the Garden goes

To meet the Traitor and the Bloody Foes.

His Hour was come; the Combate was at Hand

That he must fight *Beelzebub's* hellish Band:

The Hour that he must bear his Father's Wrath,

And for his *Elect* Die, and conquer Death.

His Soul becomes exceeding sorrowfull;

Is sore amaz'd and is of Anguish full.

His holy Nature shrinks with sinless Fear

To see the Loads of Wrath he hath to bear.

Luke 22. 42.

He trembles to behold the poison'd Cup.

Brimfull of Terror, which he must drink up:

And

And therefore Prays with mighty Cries and Tears
 To him that could preserve him from his Fears,
Father all Things are possible to Thee:
O may this bitter Potion pass from me.
Or, if it may not with thy Glory stand:
Then, Father Dear, I am at thy Command:
I've learn'd Obedience, tho' I be a Son,
Not as I will, but as thou wilt be done.
 Thus thrice he pray'd, and still more earnestly,
 And being in a painful Agony,
 By Reason of his Sorrows Multitude, (Blood
 While as he pray'd, he sweat great Drops of
 In such abundance all his Body round,
 That Crimson Clotts of Blood did dye $\frac{1}{2}$ Ground
 As in a Garden *Satan* ruin'd *Man*,
 So in a Garden *Jesus* first began,
 By this his Bloody Sweat and Agonic,
 To Ransom Mankind into Liberty.

O all ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 By Faith into this Garden follow him:
 Draw nigh your wrestling Lord, and here you'll
 The marks of Love and Grief beyond Degree.
 Oh you hard hearted sinners, come, draw near,
 Who never yet could kindly shed a Tear.
 For all your great Transgressions Multitude,
 He shed a Thousand drops of richer Blood
 To Ransom you, if you belong to him
 He drank a Cup of *Wrath* full to the Brim,
 A *Sea of Wrath*, ev'n what was due to all
 The great Transgressions of his *Israel*.

How could you sleep Oh *Peter, James & John*?
 How could you sleep, while as the holy One
 Would have you watch with him, and while $\frac{1}{2}$ he
 Was for your Sakes in such an Agony?
 Mean time an Angel unto *Christ* appears
 To strengthen him, and to allay his Fears.
 Lo! here's a Wonder! He who Angels made,
 Of Comfort from an Angel stands in Need:
 As *God* he needs it not, nor need it can;
 But only as a sinless suffering *Man*.

The Traitor comes, & brings the Bloody Band,
 With Swords and Staves, by *Cajaphas's* Command,
 To apprehend our Lord: He doth not flee,
 Tho' well he might; but meets them willingly.
 One Word of his doth make the Wretches all,
 Like Dead or vanquish'd Men before him fall:
 Yet he resists them not in any Kind,
 But freely suffers them his Hands to bind,

Yet by his Word he so restrains the Foe,
 They're forc'd to let his whole Disciples go:
 Ev'n thus poor Soul whil'n he is bound for thee
 He doth procure thy lasting Liberty.

Thus he is left alone, his Family
 Forsake him all, and for their safety fly.
 He's left of all amidst his Miseries;
 Yea, ev'n a forward *Peter* him denies.
 And lovely *Jesus*, the most glorious One,
 Laboriously treads the Wine-press alone.
 The wretched Varlets led him straight away
 To *Cajaphas*, who calls without delay
 The Priests and Scribes, where *Christ* arraigned is
 And by Suborning Lying Witnesses,
 He is Condemn'd of speaking Blasphemy;
 And loaded with Reproach and Infamy,
 The very Slaves, while *Christ* amidst them stands
 In deep Contempt do smite him with their Hands.

At Break of Day the Priests and Elders all
 Do lead him out to *Pilate's* Judgment Hall,
 And call for Judgment on him instantly,
 Demanding that he will him crucify.
Pilate examines him, and from the Sense
 He had of his unspotted Innocence,
 Endeavours to release, and set him free;
 But all in vain, for nought will satisfy,
 The Priests and Peoples unrelenting Wrath,
 Unless the Holy *Jesus* die the Death.

Come then, ye Saints, oh! come with one accord
 Behold the Sufferings of your dying Lord.
 Behold him scourg'd; how all his Body round
 The lashing Whip makes one continu'd Wound.
 Behold him dressed with a Purple Robe
 In high Contempt amidst the wretched Mob:
 He hath no Kingly Scepter, but a Reed;
 A Thorny Crown doth hurt his glorious Head.
 Come, follow him along by Faith, and see
 Him bear the heavy Cross to Calvary.
 Look how the Bloody murthering *Romish* Bands
 Do rack & pierce with Nails his Feet and Hands
 See how he's hung 'twixt Thieves, as if that he
 Were the worst Malefactor of the Three.
 See how he hangs aloft 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,
 How bitter Gall and Vinegar is giv'n.
 Look how the precious Blood from every Wound
 Falling in purple Streams doth dy the Ground.
 See how the Priests and Scribes do him deride,
 And in Contempt and Scorn do wag the Head:

The

The Sun as blushing doth obscure his Light,
Witholds his Rays: and turns the Day to Night.
But yet a darker Night comes from above;
Whil'st God from dying *Jesus* veils his Love:
Which more accents his Grief than all the Woes
And Pains he bore from his malicious Foes:
Which him to cry in bitter sort doth make,
My God, My God, why dost thou me forsake?

O! was the blessed *Jesus* scourg'd for me,
That thro' his painful Stripes I heal'd might be?
Was he condemn'd that I might be absolv'd?
Were my Iniquities on him devolv'd?

Were these the Nails that peirc'd his blessed hands
And tore his lovely Feet? Were these the Bands
And Cords that bound him to the curst Tree,
That I thereby from Death might saved be?

O did he wear a Crown of Thorns, that I
Might wear a Crown of Gold Eternally?
Was it my Sin that caus'd him so to Bleed?

Was it the Spear that pierc'd his blessed Side?

Then shall I harbour to my Sins afford,
And hugge the curst Lusts that kill'd my Lord?

No, I will not: old Lovers then be gone
Out of my Heart, Let *Jesus* have the Throne,

Defile his Temple, give his Sp'rit no more,
Give him his Place; It grieves my heart full sore,

That I should have so long indulg'd you;
And have deny'd my lovely Lord his due.

Oh did he die for me, and shall not I,
Indebted to his Grace eternally,

Live to his Praise, and celebrate his Fame,
And while I Being have, exalt his Name?

No fitter Subject can my Thoughts employ,
No work can yield my Heart more solid Joy:

But ah how shall I know he died for me?

That with his Love I may affected be?

Dy'd he for Rebel Sinners? Yes, he dy'd
For such as had him pierc'd and Crucify'd.
For such as hid their Faces from their Lord,
And would not him one kindly Look afford.
Dy'd he for those who had no Love for him?
Yes, ev'n for those who did him not esteem.
Dy'd he for such as I? Yes, if thou be
Sincerely griev'd for thine Iniquity;

Wearied and heavy laden with thy Guilt;

Then without Doubt for thee his Blood was spilt.

If thou believest with thy Soul and Heart,

Then in his Death thou surely hast a part.

But ah! I'm ruin'd with my Unbelief.

Well, canst thou say this is thy greatest Grief?

Yes that I can. Well then be sure thou art

The Travel of his Soul: He hath thy Heart.

But I have broke all his Commandements:

Yet, tell me, canst thou say, thy Heart relents,

And grieves for thy Unkindness to thy Lord?

Then this may to thy Conscience Peace afford.

As much as Heav'n this earthly Glob surmounts,

So much his Love exceeds thy great Affronts.

But, ah! I Love not him: will this not prove

That I am not the Object of his Love?

No, if thou dost retain a lively Sense

Of this Defect, and griev'st for thine Offence:

But I want Faith. Yet dost thou not bewail

That Unbelief 'gainst thee doth so prevail?

But, ah alas! I cannot Live to him

Who is my Life; and how then shall I deem

He dy'd for me? My great Ingratitude,

My Sins and my Transgressions Multitude,

From which he came to free and save his own,

Speak nought to me but Indignation.

Yet give not Place to such Despondency;

Christ's Blood from all thy Sins can purify.

FINIS.

